



**BEST
BRUSSELS**



**BEST
LEUVEN**

CODEX SUMMER COURSE 2001



**THIS CODEX
BELONGS TO**

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BOARD OF EUROPEAN STUDENTS OF TECHNOLOGY

STUDENT SONGS VUB BRUSSELS

LIED VAN GEEN TAAL

Brusselse studenten van de “Klauwaert
ende Geus”

Strijden wij voor vrijheid, steeds ge-
trouw aan onze leus
Roemberuchte rolders blijven wij tot in
de dood
De Schrik van de kaloot.

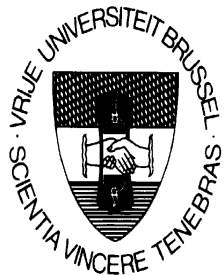
Refrain :

Glorie, glorie, alleluja
Brusselse studenten van de “Klauwaert ende Geus”
Glorie, glorie, alleluja
Getrouw aan onze leus.

Hij die ‘t licht niet kan verdragen der “Geen Taalse zon”
Hij weze een kaloot of een bekrompen franskiljon
Moet maar zien dat hij in onze weg niet komt te staan
Of ‘t zal hem slecht vergaan.

Fiere dragers van de fakkels van de V.U.B.
Dragen w’ in de wereld en doorheen heel Vlaanderen mee
Onze wil tot leven vrij van dwang en levensblij
“Geen Talers (°)” blijven wij.

° *Geen Taal geen Vrijheid*



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STUDENT SONGS VUB BRUSSELS

Polytechnische Kring (P.K.)

Students Applied Sciences

Founded on 14th July 1966

*Founders: Benedictus FAES, Maurice
TRUYENS, Charles NEERVOORT*

Color: black



PK-SHOUT

PK ! PK !
PK ! PK !
LRC ! Kontakt !
LRC ! Kontakt !
TNT ! Boem !
TNT ! Boem !
Straks valt de brug in !
Straks valt de brug in !
Waar is de PK ?
De PK is overal !!

PK-SONG

Serge Lenoir

Allez-y, pousser, pousser,
Les avances du PK,
Allez-y, pousser, pousser,
Il y a de la bière à boire.
PK ! PK ! PK ! PK !
On est pas con,
Mais on est rond !
PK ! PK ! PK ! PK !
Allons remplir les cons !



STUDENT SONGS VUB BRUSSELS

CRI DE GUERRE DU C.P.

C.P. ! ... C.P. ! ...
Châssis à ... molettes... (BIS)
Henri, Volt, Ampère... (BIS)
Subito ... Crash ... (BIS)
Qu'est-ce que le C.P. ?
C'est une chose ENHAURME !!!



GAUDEAMUS IGITUR

Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus (BIS)
Post jucundam juventutem
Post molestam senectutem
Nos habebit humus (BIS)
Ubi sunt qui ante nos in mundo fuere ? (BIS)
Vadite ad superos
Transite ad inferos
Ubi jam fuere (BIS)



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STUDENT SONGS VUB BRUSSELS

Vita nostra brevis est, brevi finietur	(BIS)
Venit mors velociter	
Rapit nos atrociter	
Nemini parcetur	(BIS)
Vivat academica, vivant professores	(BIS)
Vivat membrum quodlibet	
Vivant membra quaelibet	
Semper sint in flore !	(BIS)
Vivant omnes virgines graciles formosae !	(BIS)
Vivant et mulieres	
Tenerae, amabiles	
Bonae, Laboriosae !	(BIS)
Vivat et respublica et qui illam regit !	(BIS)
Vivat nostra civitas	
Maecenatum caritas	
Quae nos nunc protegit !	(BIS)
Pereat tristitia, pereant osiores	(BIS)
Pereat diabolus,	
Quivis antiburchius	
Atque irrisores !	(BIS)



STUDENT SONGS VUB BRUSSELS

ROLL ME OVER

This is number one and the fun has just begun

Chorus:

Roll me over lay me down and do it again

I like this feeling

Roll me over, in the clover

Roll me over, lay me down and do it again, again, again...

This is number two and my hand is on her shoe.

This is number three and my hand is on her knee.

This is number four and she says she wants some more.

This is number five and the bee is in the hive. (alt : This is number five and we're barely still alive)

This is number six and she says she likes my tricks.

This is number seven and she feels like was in heaven.

This is number eight and the nurse is at the gate. (alt : This is number eight and she says "I cannot wait")

This is number nine and I take her from behind.

This is number ten and I use my fountain pen. (alt : This is number ten and she says "Do it again")

This is number eleven and she says "Again from Seven"

This is number twelve and she says " Do it yourself"

This is number thirteen and we dry us in the curtain.

This is number twenty and the gun is getting empty.

This is number thirty and the song is getting dirty.

This is number hundred and the neighbours start to wonder.

This is number 1344 and still she wants some more...



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CROATIAN SONG



POD KOPINOM

Pod kopinom pod zelenom tam je nje mu spavati,
tam je nje mu spavati obe cal mi svilenc robec,
ne rad bi mi davati, ne rad bi mi davati.
Akonjegva staramati nece mi ga davati,
nece mi ga davati!

Pod kopinom pod zelenom tam je nje mu spavati,
tam je nje mu spavati obe cal mi zlaten prsten,
ne rad bi mi davati, ne rad bi mi davati.
Akonjegva staramati nece mi ga davati,
nece mi ga davati!

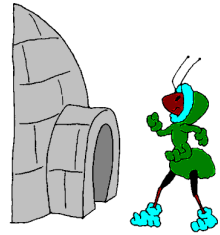
Pod kopinom pod zelenom tam je nje mu spavati,
tam je nje mu spavati obe cal mi zute cizme,
ne rad bi mi davati, ne rad bi mi davati.
Akonjegva staramati nece mi ga davati,
nece mi ga davati!



DUTCH SONGS

ALLEN DIE WILLEN NAER ISLAND GAEN

Alle die wille naer Island gaen,
Om kabeljauw te vangen
En te visschen met verlange
Naer Iseland, naer Iseland, naer Island
toe:
Tot drie-en-dertig reyzen zyn zy nog niet
moe.



Komt ons den tyd van de fooie aen,
Wy danse met behaegen
En wy weten van geen klaegem:
Maer komt de tyd, maer komt de tyd naer zee te gaen,
Dan is er wel ons hoofd van zorgen zwaar belaën

Als er de wind van het Noorden waeyt,
Wy gaen naer de herberge,
En wy drinken zonder erge,
Wy drinken daer, wy drinken daer op ons gemak,
Tot dat den lesten stuyver is uyt onzen zak.

Als er de wind van het Oosten waeyt,
De schipper, blij van herte,
Zegt: "Die wind die speelt ons perten";
't Zal beter zijn, 't zal beter zijn, 't zal beter zijn,
Te lopen voor de wind recht het kanaal maer in.



CLOSING SONGS

The entire corona stands up and everybody holds out his hand to the person next to him with crossed arms. More light is kindled.

Sa vrienden reikt elkaar de hand,
Opdat hij zich vernauwe :
Der trouwe vriendschap heil'ge band.
De heil'ge band der trouwe.

The glasses are raised and touched with the person on the right, on the left and in front.

Klinkt aan en heft omhoog het glas.
Nog leeft het oud studentenras !

The chorus is replaced by following lines and sung in the following way: The right-wing of the corona sings, while the left-wing drinks the glass 'ad fundum', afterwards the left-wing sings, while the right-wing drinks.

Bibamus laeti merum ;
Non est mutatio rerum !



CLOSING SONGS

Chorus

*Stand up: students civil engineer, pol., econ. and soc. sciences,
trade engineer, farmaceutical and exact sciences.*

Daar ligt er één als man van plicht,
Op een buro gebogen ;

Stand up: students literature and philosophy, pedagogy, psychology, agogiks

Een ander ontplooit met koud gezicht
Zijn schoolmeestersvermogen.
Wie dacht ooit dat een schurk zo fijn
Zou zo pedant geworden zijn ?

Chorus

*Stand up: students medical sciences and dental surgery, physical
education and kine.*

Een dokter preekt de matigheid.
En was een grote rolder :

Stand up: members of the committee

Ministers gaan met statigheid,
En woonden hier op zolder ;

Stand up: students law and criminology

De rechter straft nu drankmisbruik
En vroeger sliep hij met de kruik !

Chorus



DUTCH SONGS

Langs de Lezaars, de Schorrels voorbij,
Vandaar al naar Kaap Claire,
Die niet weet, hij zal wel leren.
Toen komt er bij, toen komt er bij ons sture man,
En hij geeft ons de koerse recht naer Iseland.

Wij lopen 't eiland Kockol voorbij,
Al naar de vogelscharen,
Dat kan ieder openbaren;
En dan vandaar, en dan vandaar naar Bredefjord,
En daar dan smijt wij de kollen buiten boord.

Eind'lijk dan komen w' op Island aan,
Om kabeljauw te vangen
En te visschen met verlange
Naer Iseland, naer Iseland, naer Island toe:
Tot drie-en-dertig reyzen zyn zy nog niet moe.

AVE CONFRATER

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 | Ave confrater |
| 2 | 'k drink liever bier dan water |
| 1 | Drink dan op het kommando van 1,2,3,4,5,6,7 |
| 2 | Er is niets meer in mijn glas gebleven |



DUTCH SONGS

DIS IN LUCHT

Voet op stoel, voet op stoel
Tralalalaliere
Voet op stoel, voet op stoel
Tralalalala

Twee op stoel, twee op stoel
Tralalalaliere
Twee op stoel, twee op stoel
Tralalalala

Hand aan dis, hand aan dis
Tralalalaliere
Hand aan dis, hand aan dis
Tralalalala

Dis in lucht, dis in lucht
Tralalalaliere
Dis in lucht, dis in lucht
Tralalalala

Hand aan glas, hand aan glas
Tralalalaliere
Hand aan glas, hand aan glas
Tralalalala

Glas aan mond, glas aan mond
Tralalalaliere
Glas aan mond, glas aan mond
Tralalalala



CLOSING SONGS

“OUDE - ROLDERSKLACHT”

The first four strophes are sung in the semidarkness, quietly and slowly. The last strophe is sung with more light, harder and faster. The entire corona sings all strophes, not only those who stand up. The entire song must be known by everybody, so that the mentioned students stand up at the appropriate time. The command to do so would upset the mood.

**THIS SONG HAS TO BE SUNG SERIOUSLY AND
WITH MUCH SOLEMNITY!**



O vrij-studentenheerlijkheid
Waar zijt gij thans verzwonden ?
O keer nog eenmaal, schone tijd,
Zo vrij, zo ongebonden !
Ik zoek U langs mijn wegen weer
En vind uw sporen nimmer meer !

Chorus :
O Jerum , Jerum , Jerum
O Quae mutatio Rerum !

(BIS)

Stand up : Former students

Waar zijn zij die voor 't Brussels bier
Hun laatste cent verdrongen,
Als wereldbazen, op de zwier
Met volle potten klonken ?
Zij gingen, 't hart gebroken, voort
Van hier naar 't stil geboortoord.



CLOSING SONGS

TSJECHISH DRINKING SONG

Dr. D. Devos

Drink uit dan; broeder; drink !
Drink uit tot op den grond
Want nooit zien w'ons weerom
Voor 't volle jaar is rond.

(BIS)



En daarom drink maar,
drink maar, drink maar,
Zolang de beker ons nog
wenkt,
En daarom drink maar,
drink maar, drink maar,
Zolang een druppel wijn
nog blinkt :
En daarom drink maar,
drink maar, drink maar,
Eer we malkander 't af-
scheid bien,
En daarom drink maar,
drink maar, drink maar,

Drink op het vrolijk wederzien !

DUTCH SONGS

* * * *PROSIT by the senior* * * *

Glas op dis, glas op dis
Tralalalaliere
Glas op dis, glas op dis
Tralalalala

Hand van glas, hand van glas
Tralalalaliere
Hand van glas, hand van glas
Tralalalala

Dis op grond, dis op grond
Tralalalaliere
Dis op grond, dis op grond
Tralalalala

Hand van dis, hand van dis
Tralalalaliere
Hand van dis, hand van dis
Tralalalala

Voet van stoel, voet van stoel
Tralalalaliere
Voet van stoel, voet van stoel
Tralalalala

Twee van stoel, twee van stoel
Tralalalaliere
Twee van stoel, twee van stoel
Tralalalala

DUTCH SONGS

EEN VROLIJK LENTELIED

J. De Wilde

Chorus :

Daar is de lente, daar is de zon !
Bijna, maar ik denk dat ze weldra zal komen
De Phallus impudicus staat al in bloei,
En de blaadjes krijgen bomen.

M'n vrouw en mijn kat zijn allebei krols,
Het valt me moeilijk ze rustig te houden,
Ik zal binnenkort weer een heleboel
Nesten moeten bouwen.

De bloembollen barsten open met een
Knal en de meisjes ontbloten de kuitten,
De bouwvakkers hebben na een nare tijd
Weer iets om naar te fluiten.

Daar is de lente, daar is de zon !
Bijna, maar ik denk dat ze weldra zal komen
De Phallus impudicus staat al in bloei,
En de klokken vertrekken naar Rome ...



SLOVENIAN SONG

CIGU, DIGU, MIGU, CIGU



Kako se polzeku mundi lekam, le kam, tako hiti?
Cigu, digu, migu cigu
digu, migu, rompompom.
Pa srecal ga je petelin ki nesel je psenico y mlin.
"Kam gres gdoba slinasta, kam gres grdoba slinasta?"
"Sesenit grem, se mi mudi tjak nilinarjevi hcerkici"
"Saj je se meni ne dajo, ki imam rdeco kapico"
"Ki imam rdeco kapico, ki imam v repu sabljico."



SPANISH BEST-SONGS

THE MOST FAMOUS CATALAN SONG

TOOOOOT EL CAMP
EEEEES UN CLAM
SOM LA GENT BLAUGRANA
TANT SE VAL D'ON VENIM
SI DEL SUD O DEL NORD
ARA ESTEM D'ACORD, ESTEM D'ACORD
UNA BANDERA ENS AGERMANA
BLAUGRANA AL VENT
UN CRIT VALENT
TENIM UN NOM QUE EL
SAP TOT THOM
BARCA, BARCA,
BAAAAARCA!!!

EL MEU AVI (CATALONA)

El meu avi va anar a Cuba
a bordo del Catala
el millor barco de guerra
de la flota d'Ultramar.
Els mariners de Calella
i el meu avi enmig de tots
varen morir a coberta
varen morir, al peu del cano.
Quan el Catala, sortia a la mar
els nois de Calera feien un cremat
Mans a la guitarra, solien cantar, solien cantar
Visca Catalunya !
Visca el Catala !



DUTCH SONGS

KALINKA

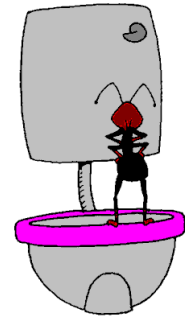
'k Zou zo geiren ne kie kakken,
Maar mijn broekske wil niet zakken,
't Is aan mijn billen blijven plakken.

Refrein :

Kak hier , Kak al hier,
Kak al hier , Kak al daar!

'k Heb hem eindelijk afgekregen,
O mijn god was dat een zegen,
't Komt uit mijn holleken gerezen.

O mijn god, 'k kan niet meer stoppen,
Heel de kamer ligt vol brokken,
'k Ben hier het schijtrekord aan 't kloppen.



OP DE PURP'REN HEI

E. de Ridder, A. Preud'homme

In de stille Kempen, op de purp'ren hei,
Staat een eenzaam huisje, met een berk erbij,
En een zomeravond, in gedroom alleen,
Kwam ik ongeweten langs dat huisje heen.

Chorus :

Hoe schoon nog de wereld de zomerse hei,
Dat is hier op aarde de hemel voor mij !

(BIS)

DUTCH SONGS

In het eenzaam huisje, zat een meisje ach !
Lijk ik nergens anders ooit een meisje zag !
Door het venster keek ze mij verlegen aan,
Schoof 't gordijntje toe en is maar opgestaan.

Maar wat heeft de liefde, ook hier niet verricht !
Want nu schuift 't gordijntje nooit nog voor me dicht !
Door het open venster, dat men vroeger sloot,
Lach ik op ons kindje op zijn moeders schoot.

PIETER BREUGHEL TE BRUSSEL

W. Van De Velde

Pieter Breughel de Oude
Zou opstaan uit de dood
Om de wereld te aanschouwen:
Was 't bloed er nog zo rood, als
karmijn ?
Zou er nog oorlog zijn ?

Al eerst ging hem naar Brussel,
Naar zijn atelier
En hij nam zijn bus
Penselen en wat houtskool mee
Naar zijn Brabantse stee.

Hij was nog niet vergeten
Waar dat zijn woonhuis was
Het was wel wat versleten
De memel woonde in zijn kas
Kapot was 't vensterglas.



SPANISH BEST-SONGS

MACARENA (LOS DEL RIO)

Chorus:

*Dale a tu cuerpo alegría Macarena
Que tu cuerpo es pa darle alegría y cosa buena
Dale a tu cuerpo alegría Macarena
Ehhh... Macarena!*

(2 times)



Macarena tiene un novio que se llama
que se llama de apellido Vitorino
y en la jura de bandera del muchacho
se la dio con dos amigos

Macarena sueña con el Corte Inglés
y se compra los modelos mas modernos
le gustaria vivir en Nueva York
y buscarse un novio nuevo

[Chorus]

Macarena Macarena Macarena
que te gustan los veranos de Marbella
Macarena Macarena Macarena
que te gusta la movida guerrillera

SPANISH BEST-SONGS

LA CABRA

El dolor mas doloroso, el dolor mas inhumano,
es pillarse los cojones con la tapa del piano

Chorus:

La cabra, la cabra, la puta de la cabra
y la madre que la pario, EH ! ;
io tenia una cabra y la mi puta se murio?

El dolor mas doloroso, el dolor mas inhumano,
es meterse por el culo, la bombona del butano

Chorus

El dolor mas doloroso, el dolor mas inhumano,
es hacerse una paja, con chinchetas en la mano

Chorus

El dolor mas doloroso, el dolor mas inhumano,
es meterse por el culo, un misil americano

LA CUCARACHA

La cucaracha, la cucaracha, ya no puede camminar,
porque no tiene, porque le falta, la patita de detras
La cucaracha se ha escondido, debajo de la escalera,
con una escoba en la mano, esperando a la portera
La cucaracha...



DUTCH SONGS

Eerst vroeg hem aan de men-
sen;
Is Spanje hier nog baas ?
Leefde naar eigen wensen ?
Zijn ze nog even dwaas in ons
land ?
Of kregen ze verstand ?

De mensen wouden Breughel
Zijn Brabants niet verstaan
Dus is hem stil en treurig
Naar een café gegaan, die daar
in
Zijn jeugd al had gestaan.

Hij vroeg in 't zuiver Brabants
De kastelein om drank
Maar de patron die zei : pardon
Je ne comprends pas Flamand,
emmerdant,
Dans le coeur du Brabant !

Pieter Breughel den Ouwe
Die dacht 't is hier weer zover
Da' ze hier den Geuze nog
brouwen
Da' s fijn maar dat 't in 't Frans
moet zijn
Da vin' k een groot sjagrijn.

Het Spaans is nu verdreven
Uit ons klein vaderland
Maar nu hebben we gekregen
Het Frans aan de Marollenkant
Da' s boven mijn verstand.

Piet Breughel is dan droevig
Terug naar zijn graf gegaan
Nadat hem op zijn kamer
Een heel klein maar een fijn
schilderij
Vol kleur had doen ontstaan.

En daarop stond geschilderd
Ne Vlaming in 't gevang
't Gevang van zijn kompleksen
De sleutel ligt erbij aan zijn zij
Doet open, maakt hem vrij !



DUTCH SONGS

SARIE MARAIS

J. Van Niekerk

My Sarie Marais is so ver van my hart,
Maar 'k hoop om haar weer te sien,
Sy het in die wyk van die Mooirivier gewoon,
Nog voor die oorlog het begin.

Chorus :

O bring my terug na die ou Transvaal,
Daar waar my sarie woon :
Daar onder in die mielis by die groen doringboom | (BIS)
Daar woon my Sarie Marais.

Ek was so bang, dat die kakies my sou vang
En ver oor die see wegstuur,
Toe vlug ek na die kant van die Upington se sand
Daar onder langs die Grootrivier.

Die kakies is mos net soos 'n krokodillepees
Hul sleep jou altyd watertoe,
Hulle gooi jou op 'n skip vir 'n lange, lange trip
Die josie weet waarna toe.

Verlossing het gekom, en die huistoe gaan was daar
Trug naar die ou Transvaal,
My liefelingspersoon sal seker ook daar wees
Om my met 'n kus te beloon.



SPANISH SONGS

LA BAMBA

(Richie Valens)

Para bailar la Bamba,
para bailar La Bamba
se necesita una poca de gracias,
una poca de gracias
para mi para ti

Y arriba, y arriba
Y arriba, y arriba,
Por ti sere
Por ti sere
Por ti sere.

Ba...ba...bamba
Ba...ba...bamba
Ba...ba...bamba
Yo no soy marinero
Yo no soy marinero,
Soy capitan
Soy capitan

Soy capitan
Ba...ba...bamba
Ba...ba...bamba
Ba...ba...bamba



SCANDINAVIAN SONGS

Så skød han studenten og kjællingen med,
og så gick han ud efter øl.
Og så gik han ud efter øl, etc
Og så fik han endtlig sit øl!

Moralen er, tag din kone med,
när du skal ud efter øl.
När du skal gå ud efter øl, ...



FINNISH DRINKING SONG

(long version)

..... not now
..... but NOW !!

UTI VÅR HAGE

Uti vår hage där växa blå bär.
Kom hjärtansfröjd!
Vill du mig något, så träffas vi där.
Kom liljor och akvileja, kom rosor och salivia,
kom ljuvakrusmynta, kom hjärtansfröjd.

Drauß, da wachsen Blau beeren am Rain.
komm Herzensfreud! Willst du mich finden,
dort sind wir allein. Kommt lilien und Akeleien,
kommt Rosen und blau Salbeien,
komm lieblich Krausminze, komm Herzensfreud.



DUTCH SONGS

TIEN KLEINE VISJES

Tien kleine visjes, die wilden naar de zee
"Dat is goed", zei de moeder, maar ik ga niet mee
Ik blijf liever in die vieze vuile sloot
Want in de zee daar zitten haaien en die bijten je

blub blub blub blub blub
blub blub blub blub blub

Negen kleine visjes
Acht
Zeven
.....
Eén ...



VIVE LA COMPANELA

Ik steek mijn pintje naar omlaag,
Vive la companela!
En druk het teder aan mijn maag,
Vive la companela!

Chorus:
Vivela, vivela, vivelala,
Vivela, vivela, hopsasa,
Vive la companela!

(After the chorus lines, everybody drinks his glass 'ad fundum', to the bottom)



DUTCH SONGS

Mijn pintje voor het sterven moet,
Geef ik een kus tot afscheidsgroet.



Ik hef mijn pintje tot aan de mond,
En drink ze leeg tot op de grond.

Het pintje heeft zijn dienst gedaan,
En 't onderste moet boven staan

Eh schachtje kom nog eens langs hier
En vul mijn pint met schuimend bier!

(The president now drinks a little, and while
he passes his glass on to the others he sings)

Nu gaat mijn pint van keel tot keel;
Dat ieder drinkt maar niet te veel!

(Now everybody keeps repeating these last lines until everybody
has drunk out of the glass and has passed it on)

Nu gaat de pint van keel tot keel;
Dat ieder drinkt maar niet te veel!

WILHELMUS VAN NASSOUWE

Wilhelmus van Nassouwe
Ben ik van Duytschen bloet
Den Vaderlant ghetrouwe
Blyf ick tot in den doet
Een Prince van Orangien
Ben ick vry onverveert,
Den Coninck van Hyspaengin
Heb ick altyd gheert.



SCANDINAVIAN SONGS

Men detta det var inte sant
Doo da, doo da
I morgon gör jag likadant
Hej doo da dej
Hej doo da dej, hej doo da dej
I morgon gör jag likadant
Hej doo da dej

DET VAR EN GOD GAMMEL BONDEMAN

Det var en god gammel bondeman.
Han skulle gå ud efter øl.
Han skulle gå ud efter øl,
han skulle gå ud efter øl,
efter øl, efter hopsa-sa,
tra-la-la-la,
han skulle gå ud efter øl.



Til konen kom der en ung student,
mens manden var ud efter øl.
Mens manden var ud efter øl, etc

Han klapped henne på rosenkind
og kyssed hende på mund.
Mens manden var ud efter øl, etc

Men, manden stod bag ved døren og så,
hvordan det hele gik til.
De trod' han var ud efter øl, etc



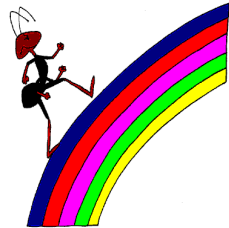
SCANDINAVIAN SONGS

THE SUN IS GOING UP AND DOWN

The sun is going up and down
doo da, doo da
I will never drink again
Hey doo da dey
Hey doo da dey, hey doo da dey
I will never drink again
Hey doo da dey

But this was just alie a told
Doo da, doo da
Tomorrow I will do the same
Hey doo da dey
Hey doo da dey, hey doo da dey

Tomorrow I will do the same
Hey doo da dey



SOLEN DEN GÅR OPP OCH NER

Solen den går opp och ner
Doo da, doo da.
Jag ska aldrig supa mer
Hej doo da dej.
Hej doo da dej, hej doo da dej.
Jag ska aldrig supa mer,
Hej doda dej.



DUTCH SONGS

In Geuzes vrees te leven
Heb ick altyd betracht,
Daerom ben ick verdreven,
Om landt, om luyd gebracht :
Maer Geus sal my regeren
Als een goet instrument,
Dat ick sal wederkeeren
In mynen regiment.

Lydt U, myn ondersaten,
Die oprecht syn van aert ;
Geus sal U niet verlaten,
Al syt ghy nu beswaert ;
Die vroom begheert te leven,
Bidt Geus nacht ende dach,
Dat hy my cracht wil gheven,
Dat ick U helpen mach.

Myn schilt ende betrouwen
Syt ghy, O Geus myn Heer,
Op U soo wil ick bouwen,
Verlaet my nemmermeer ;
Dat ick doch vroom mach blyven,
U dienaer taller stondt,
De tyranny verdryven,
Die my myn hert doorwondt.

Oorlof, myn arme schapen,
Die syt in groote noot,
U herder sal niet slapen
Al syt ghy nu verstroyt ;
Tot Geus wilt U begheven,
Syn heylsaam woort neemt aen,
Als vrome Geuzen leven ;
Tsal hier haest syn ghedaen.



ENGLISH SONGS

ANGIE

(Rolling Stones)

Angie, Angie, when will those clouds all disappear?
Angie, Angie, where will it lead us from here?
With no loving in our souls and no money in our coats,
you can't say we're satisfied,
but Angie, Angie, you can't say we never tried.
Angie, you're beautiful, but ain't it time we said good-bye?
Angie, I still love you, remember all those nights we cried?
All the dreams we held so close seemed to all go up in smoke,
let me whisper in your ear;
Angie, Angie, where will it lead us from here?

Oh, Angie, don't you weep, all your kisses still taste sweet,
I hate that sadness in your eyes,
but Angie, Angie, ain't it time we said good-bye?
With no loving in our souls and no money in our coats,
you can't say we're satisfied,
but Angie, I still love you, Baby,
ev'rywhere I look I see your eyes.
There ain't a woman that comes close to you,
come on Baby, dry your eyes.
But Angie, Angie, ain't it good to be alive?
Angie, Angie, they can't say we never tried.



SCANDINAVIAN SONGS

HELL AND GORE

Hell and gore,
Chung Hop father Allan Allan ley
Hell and gore
Chung Hop father Allan ley
Oh, handsom in the hell and tar
and hell are in a half and four
Hell and gore
Chung Hop father Allan ley

HELAN GÂR



Helan gâr
sjung hoppfaderallalalej!
Helan gâr
sjung hoppfaderallalalej!
Och han som inte helan tar
han heller inte halvan får
Helan gâââââr!
Sjung hoppfaderallalalej!

VIKINGEN

A viking wants his Aquavitae
Hurray, Hurray!
And afterwards he feels alright,
Hurray, Hurray!
He keeps on drinking all day long
When women say they can't go on
Then all Vikings, want to have
something strong.



ROMANIAN SONGS

DI CE BEU IO CATE-UN PIC

Chorus:

Hai zi mai Vasalii / Rupeta-s-ar arcu-n tri
Si grumazu ceterii / Ca mijlocu mandrutii

(After each strophe the chorus is sung)

Da di ce beu cate-un pic (X4)
Casa mandrii nu i-o stric / Ba mai tare i-o ridic

Da di ce beu io cate-o bere (X4)
Fiindca inima mi-o cere (X2)

Da am mandra cat o tasta (X4)
Numa buna de nevasta (X2)

Da am o mandra cat o nuca (X4)
Bate-o Doamne da cum tuca (X2)

Da am o mandra cat un bit (X4)
Numa buna de iubit (X2)

Da am o mandra cat un mega (X4)
Cand ii ra o tap in Bega (X2)

Da pa ulita mandrii-i tau (X4)
Io ma duc fara lampau (X2)

Da pa ulita mandrii-i tina (X4)
Io ma duc fara lumina (X2)

Da amu beu c-amu mi-i bine (X4)
Ca-s cu BEST-u langa mine (X2)



ENGLISH SONGS

BEST SONG

We are, we are, we are, we are the engineers,
We can, we can, we can, we can demolish forty beers,
The other summercourses, they cannot drink with us,
cause we don't give a damn to anyone else
that don't give a damn to us.

BLOWING IN THE WIND

How many roads must a man walk down
Before they call him a man ?
How many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand ?
How many times must the canonballs fly
Before they're for ever banned ?

Chorus :

The answer my friend,
Is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist
Before he is washed to the sea ?
How many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free ?
How many times can a man turn his head
And pretend that he just doesn't see ?

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky ?
How many ears must one have
Before he can hear people cry ?
How many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died ?



ENGLISH – IRISH – SCOTTISH SONGS

CLEMENTINE

P. Montrose

In a cavern, in a canyon,
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner,
And his daughter Clementine.

Chorus :

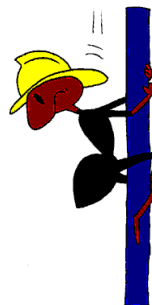
Oh my darling, oh my darling,
Oh my darling Clementine !
Thou are lost and gone for ever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine ;
Herringboxes, without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.

Drove her ducklings, to the water,
Ev'ry morning, just at nine ;
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

Saw her lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles mighty fine
But alas I was no swimmer
So I lost my Clementine.

In a corner of the churchyard,
Where the myrtle boughs entwine,
Grow the roses in their posies,
Fertilised by Clementine.



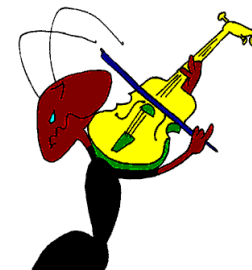
PORTUGUESE SONGS

S RAMA, S QUE LINDA RAMA

S rama, s que linda rama
S rama da oliveira
O meu par io mals lindo
Que anda aqui na roda inteira
Que anda aqui na roda inteira
Aqui e em qualquer iugar
S rama, s que linda rama
S rama do olivai

Eu gosto muito de ouvir
Cantar a quem aprendeu
Se houvera quem me ensinara
Quern aprendia era eu
S rama, s que linda...

Na invejo quem tem
Carros, parelhas e montes
Ss invejo quem bebe
A agua em todas as fontes
S rarna, s que linda...



PORTUGUESE SONGS

PORTUGUESE SONG TO DRINK

Singing standing with the glass (full one of course) in your hand

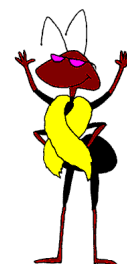


E vai a cima
(rise the glass above your head)
E vai a baixo
(put the glass in the middle of the body)
E vai ao centro
(rise the glass again to the month)
E vai pára dentro
(drink the liquid)
Que alegria se a canesca está vazia
(with the empty glass)

E se esta musica incomoda muita gente
(fill the glass again)
Então a malta vai canta-la novamente
(???)
E vai a cima
(all the same again)



ENGLISH SONGS



Then the miner, forty-niner,
Soon began to peak and pine ;
Thought he "oughter fine" his daughter,
Now he's with his Clementine.

In my dreams she still doht haunt me
Robed in garments, soaked in brine,
Though in life I used to hug her,
Now she's dead I draw the line.

How I missed her, how I missed her.
How I missed my Clementine !
But I kissed her little sister,
And forgot my Clementine.

COCKLES AND MUSSELS

From Dublin

In Dublin's fair city,
Where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow
Thro'streets broad and narrow

Chorus :

Crying :

"Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive oh !"

Alive, alive oh ! Alive, alive oh !

Crying :

"Cockles and Mussels, alive, alive oh !"



ENGLISH SONGS

She was a fishmonger,
And sure 't was no wonder
For so were her father and mother befo-
re ;
And they each wheeled their barrow
Thro'streets broad and narrow

She died of a fever
And no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly
Malone ;
Her ghost wheels her barrow
Thro'streets broad and narrow



COME AS YOU ARE

(Nirvana)

Come as you are, as you were
As I want you to be
As a friend, as a friend
As an old enemy
Take your time, hurry up
The choice is yours, don't be late
Take a rest as a friend
As an old memoria, memoria, memoria, memoria

Come dowsed in mud
Soaked in bleach
As I want you to be
As a trend as a friend
As an old memoria, memoria, memoria, memoria



POLISH SONGS

(ref.) Tak bardzo, bardzo kochom jom...

Wcoraj wpod mi do głowy
pomysł cołkiem łodlotowy
ze jij wyśłem miłosny list
anonimowy

Myśłem sobie ukradkiem
może kasik przypadkiem
biegnąc przepadnie wpadając wprost
w me ramiona

(ref.) Tak bardzo bardzo kochom jom
że w chałpie kiedy wszyscy śpiom...

MIATA BABA KOGUTA, KOGUTA, KO- GUTA

Miata baba koguta, koguta, koguta.
Wsadzita go do buta, do buta, hej!
Omój miły kogucie, kogucie...,
Jakze ci tam w tym bucie w tym bucie,
W tym bucie, w tym bucie jest?
Miała bab indora, indora, indora,
Wsadzila go do wora, do wora, hej!
O mój miły indorze, indorze...,
Kakze ci tam w tym worze, w tym worze,
W tym worze, w tym worze jest?



POLISH SONGS

Radosny to dzień, wspaniały to dzień - wracają z ołowiu żołnierze
Ze strychu znów w dół, schodami aż tu wracają, lecz już nie do ciebie
By ktoś tak jak ty radosne miał dni, powrócił przyjaciel ten z wiosny
Dlaczego, to każdy już powie, na plecach przyniosłeś go tu.

Konik, z drzewa koń na biegunach...

LORNETKA

Kupiłem lornetkę
by podglądać Bernadette
ale w łoknak żaluzje mo
zasłonięte

Kieżyc wisi na niebie
a jo wciąż nie widzem ciebie
marzem coby ryntgenem być
w takij chwili

(ref.) Tak bardzo, bardzo kochom jom
że w nocy kiedy wszyscy śpiom
jo nie śpiem kombinując
jak być z niom

Cekołbyk do rana
lec matuś zdenerwowana
krzycy znowu nie wstanie na
piyrsom zmianę

Ale matuś nie wie ło tym
ze kierownik mie z roboty
wyłół, bo miołek problemy wciąż
z komcentrancjom



ENGLISH SONGS



And I swear that I don't have a gun
No I don't have a gun
No I don't have a gun

Memoria, memoria, memoria, memoria

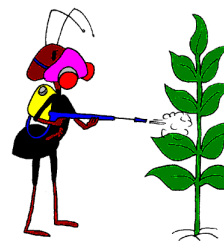
And I swear that I don't have a gun
No I don't have a gun, no I don't have a gun
No I don't have a gun, no i don't have a gun

Memoria, memoria

COTTON FIELDS

When I was a little baby;
My mammy would rock me in the cradle
In them old cotton fields back home.

(BIS)



Oh when them cotton balls get rotten
You can't pick very much cotton.
In them old cotton fields back home.
It was down in Louisiana,
Just about a mile from Texarkanna,
In them old cotton fields back home.



ENGLISH SONGS

COUNTRY ROADS

Almost heaven, West Virginia,
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River
Life is old there, older than the trees
Younger than the mountains, growin' like a breeze

Country Roads, take me home
To the place I belong
West Virginia, mountain momma,
Take me home, country roads

All my memories gathered round her
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eyes

Country Roads, take me home
To the place I belong
West Virginia, mountain momma,
Take me home, country roads

I hear her voice in the mornin' hours she calls me,
The radio reminds me of my home far away
And drivin' down the road I get a Feelin'
That I should've been home
yesterday yesterday

Country Roads, take me home
To the place I belong
West Virginia, mountain momma,
Take me home, country roads
Take me home, country roads
Take me home, country roads



POLISH SONGS

FOLK SONG

Szła dziewczeczka do laseczka
(o zielonego ha!ha!ha!) X3
Napotkała myśliweczką
(bardzo skwarne go ha!ha!ha!) X3
Gdzie jest ta ulica,
gdzie jest ten dom,
gdzie jest ta dziewczyna co kocham
ja!!!!???



KONIK NA BIEGUNACH

Za rok może dwa schodami na strych odejdą z ołowiu żołnierz
Przeminie jak wiatr uśmiechów twych świat kolory marzeniom odbierze
Za rok może dwa schodami na strych za misiem kudłatym poczłapią
Beztroskie te dni i zobaczysz że jednak wspaniały był on

Konik, z drzewa koń na biegunach
Zwykła zabawka, mała huśtawka
A rozkołysze, rozbawi
Konik, z drzewa koń na biegunach
Przyjaciół wiosny, uśmiech radosny
Każdy powinien go mieć

Kłopotów masz sto i zmartwień masz sto, baz przerwy to trwa - karuzela
Nie lalka co lka, nie piłka co gra bez przerwy twój czas ci zabiera
Ulica szeroka, wystawa, to tu na chwilę przystaniesz zdumiony
Uśmiechnij się więc i zawołaj jak wtedy, gdy na grzbiecie cię niósł...

Konik, z drzewa koń na biegunach...



LATIN SONGS

IO VIVAT

Io vivat ! Io vivat !
Nostrorum sanitas !
Hoc est amoris poculum !
Doloris est antidotum !

Io vivat ! Io vivat !
Nostrorum sanitas
Dum nihil est in poculo.
Jam repleatur denuo !

Io vivat ! Io vivat !
Nostrorum sanitas
Nos jungit amicitia,
Et vinum praebet gaudia.



Io vivat ! Io vivat !
Nostrorum sanitas
Est vita nostra brevior,
Et mors amara longior.

Io vivat ! Io vivat !
Nostrorum sanitas
Osores nostri pereant !
Amici semper floreat !

Io vivat ! Io vivat !
Nostrorum sanitas
Jam tota Academia,
Nobiscum amet gaudia.



ENGLISH SONGS

DO YOU LOVE ME

I've been patient, I've been waiting
Till I just can't wait no more
I gotta know just what your feeling
Deep inside, it's what I'm looking for

Why is it hard for you to see
Everything that you will ever need
Is standing here right in front of you
So tell me boy whatcha gonna do



My heart skips a beat
When you call out my name
Never felt like this before
And when I'm asleep
You're in my dreams
And I need to know for sure
Do you love me

Won't you give me just a little sign
I've never been that good at reading minds
Do you want my love then let it show
Don't take forever, I just gotta know

Chorus

ENGLISH SONGS

DONNA DONNA

On a wagon bound for market
There's a calf with a mournful eye
High above him, there's a swallow
Winging swiftly through the sky.

Chorus :

How the winds are laughing
They laugh with all their mind
Love and laugh the whole day through
And half the summer night.

Donna donna donna donna
Donna donna donna donna

(BIS)

Stop complaining said the farmer
Who told you it had to be
Why can't you have wings to fly with
Like the swallow so proud and free

Calfs are easily bound and slaughtered
Never knowin' the reason why
Why can't you have wings to fly with
Like the swallow you've learned to fly.



LATIN SONGS

FILIA PASTORIS

Quae voluptas quae voluptas
Est amare (BIS)
Pulchram Filiam Pastoris !
O admiranda, o admiranda, (BIS)
O admiranda filia pastoris !

The following strophes are sung in the same way



Eis aedanae eis aedanae
Estin Agapan
Kalean paidon tou poimenos !
O thaumazzia, o thaumazzia,
O thaumazzia paidan poimenos !

Welch Vergnügen welch
Vergnügen
Ist's zu lieben

Des Hirten schönstes Töchterlein !
O wunderbares, o wunderbares,
O wunderbares Hirten Töchterlein !

Sozzorasto sozzorasto
Estie chainie
Pierko tchourpu pastora !
O navitchainia, o navitchainia,
O navitchainia tchourpu pastora !

Welk genoeg welk genoeg
Is't te minnen
't Mooiste meisje van de stad !
O wonderbaarste, o wonderbaarste,
O wonderbaarste meisje van de stad !



ITALIAN SONGS

VOLARE

Penso che un sogno così non ritorni mai più
mi dipingevo le mani e la faccia di blu
poi d'improvviso venivo dal vento rapido
e incominciavo a volare nel cielo infinito...
Volare... oh oh! Cantare... oh oh oh oh!...
Nel blu, dipinto di blu, felice di stare lassù

E volare, volavo felice
più in alto del sole e ancora più su
mentre il mondo pian piano spariva lontano laggiù
una musica dolce suonava soltanto per me...
Volare...

Ma tutti i sogni nell'alba svaniscono perché
quando tramonta la luna, li porta con sé
Ma io continuo a sognare negli occhi tuoi belli
che sono blu come un cielo trapunto di stelle
Volare... oh oh! Cantare... oh oh oh oh!...



ENGLISH SONGS

EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE

(The police)

Every breath you take, every move you make
Every bond you break, every step you take
I'll be watching you

Every single day, every word you say
Every game you play, every night you say
I'll be watching you

O can't you see
You belong to me
How my poor heart aches
With every step you take

Every move you make, every vow you break
Every smile you fake, every claim you stake
I'll be watching you

Since you've gone I been lost without a trace
I dream at night I can only see your face
I look around but it's you I can't replace
I feel so cold and I long for your embrace
I keep crying baby, baby, please

O can't you see
You belong to me
How my poor heart aches
With every breath you take

Every move you make, every vow you break
Every smile you fake, every claim you stake
Every move you make, every step you take
I'll be watching you



ENGLISH SONGS

HELP!

Help, I need somebody,
Help, not just anybody,
Help, you know I need someone, help.

When I was younger, so much younger than to-
day,
I never needed anybody's help in any way.
But now these days are gone, I'm not so self assured,
Now I find I've changed my mind and opened up the doors.

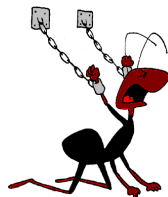
Help me if you can, I'm feeling down
And I do appreciate you being round.
Help me, get my feet back on the ground,
Won't you please, please help me.

And now my life has changed in oh so many ways,
My independence seems to vanish in the haze.
But every now and then I feel so insecure,
I know that I just need you like I've never done before.

Help me if you can, I'm feeling down
And I do appreciate you being round.
Help me, get my feet back on the ground,
Won't you please, please help me.

When I was younger, so much younger than today,
I never needed anybody's help in any way.
But now these daya are gone, I'm not so self assured,
Now I find I've changed my mind and opened up the doors.

Help me if you can, I'm feeling down
And I do appreciate you being round.
Help me, get my feet back on the ground,
Won't you please, please help me, help me, help me, oh.



ITALIAN SONGS

[Solo] Osteria de Porta Pia!
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Solo] Vado ar cinema co' mi' zia!
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Solo] Ce stà 'n fijo de 'na mignotta
Che j'attasta la pagnotta
[Choir] Dammela ben biondina
dammela ben bionda'

SOLE MIO



Che bella cosa 'na jurnata 'e sole,
'n aria serena doppo 'na tempesta
pe ll' aria fresca, pare gia na festa...
Che bella cosa na jurnata 'e sole.

Chorus :
Ma nàto sole chiù bello, oi ne.
o sole mio sta nfronte a te !

Quanno fa notte e `o sole se ne scenne,
me vene quase `na malincunia ;
sotto `a fenesta toia restarria
quanno fa notte e `o sole se ne scenne.

Chorus



ITALIAN SONGS

[Solo] Osteria der Babbuino!
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Solo] S'è atturato er lavandino!
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Solo] Drento ar cesso nun c'è carta
Ner bidè ce sta la marta
[Choir] Dammela ben biondina
dammela ben bionda'

[Solo] Osteria der Campidojo!
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Solo] M'ha fragato er portafojo!
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Solo] Me sembrava tonta e bona
Era invece 'na battona
[Choir] Dammela ben biondina
dammela ben bionda'

[Solo] Osteria der Palatino!
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Solo] Ce so' donne e ce sta 'r vino!
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Solo] Pè frega io c'ero annato
So' sortito imbenzinato
[Choir] Dammela ben biondina
dammela ben bionda'



ENGLISH SONGS

HEY JUDE

(Lennon/McCartney)

Hey Jude, don't make it bad.
Take a sad song and make it better.
Remember to let her into your heart,
Then you can start to make it better.

Hey Jude, don't be afraid.
You were made to go out and get her.
The minute you let her under your skin,
Then you begin to make it better.

And anytime you feel the pain, hey Jude, refrain,
Don't carry the world upon your shoulders.
For well you know that it's a fool who plays it cool
By making his world a little colder.

Hey Jude, don't let me down.
You have found her, now go and get her.
Remember to let her into your heart,
Then you can start to make it better.

So let it out and let it in, hey Jude, begin,
You're waiting for someone to perform with.
And don't you know that it's just you, hey Jude, you'll do,
The movement you need is on your shoulder.

Hey Jude, don't make it bad.
Take a sad song and make it better.
Remember to let her under your skin,
Then you'll begin to make it
Better better better better better better, oh.

Da da da da da da, da da da, hey Jude...

ENGLISH SONGS

HOME ON THE RANGE

From the U.S.A. (1911)

Oh, give me a home, where the buffalo roam
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.



Chorus :

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

How often at night where the heavens
are bright
With the light from the glittering stars
Have I stood there amazed and I asked
as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand
Flows leisurely down the stream
Where the graceful, white swan goes gliding along
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,
The breezes so balmy and light,
That I would not exchange my home on the range
For all of the cities so bright.



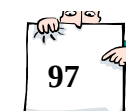
ITALIAN SONGS

[Solo] Osteria numero cento
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Solo] se la figa andasse a vento
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Solo] quanti cazzi in alto mare
comincerebbero a nuotare
[Choir] Dammela a me biondina
dammela a me bionda'

[Solo] Osteria numero mille
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Solo] il mio cazzo fa scintille
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Solo] fa scintille sulla legna
figuriamoci sulla fregna
[Choir] Dammela a me biondina
dammela a me bionda'

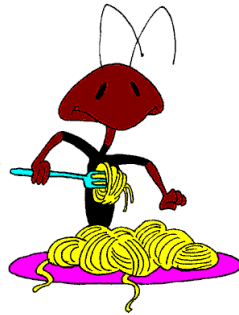
[Solo] Osteria dell' Appia antica
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Solo] Fa all' amore è 'na fatica!
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Solo] E si nun ce stai più attente
Te ce pija 'no sturbamento
[Choir] Dammela ben biondina
dammela ben bionda'

[Solo] Osteria dell' Aventino!
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Solo] So' davvero un ber cretino!
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Solo] La credevo 'na signora
Ma ho pagato pe' 'na mezz'ora
[Choir] Dammela ben biondina
dammela ben bionda'



ITALIAN SONGS

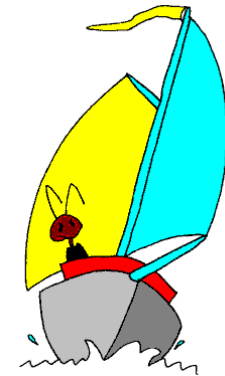
- [Solo] Osteria numero nio
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Solo] e' piu' grosso il tuo o il mio
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Choir] Dammela a me biondina
dammela a me bionda'
- [Solo] Osteria numero tjugo (Swedish mix)
[Choir] Parapånzi Pånzi På
[Solo] Te lå fumo å te lo sugo
[Choir] Parapånzi Pånzi På
[Solo] Ma se pijo un ber respiro
te lå ingoio kån en tirå
[Choir] Dammela a me biondina
dammela a me bionda'
- [Solo] Osteria numero trenta
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Solo] chi è culo non si penta
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Solo] oggiorno, caso strano
va di moda il deretano
[Choir] Dammela a me biondina
dammela a me bionda'
- [Solo] Osteria numero cento
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Solo] Piu' tu spingi e piu' va dentro
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Solo] Ma se spingli oltre misura
poi ti nasce una creatura
[Choir] Dammela a me biondina
dammela a me bionda'



ENGLISH SONGS

I AM SAILING

- I am sailing,
I am sailing,
Home again, cross the sea,
I am sailing stormy waters,
To be near you, to be free.
- I am flying,
I am flying,
Like a bird, cross the sky,
I am flying passing high grounds,
To be with you, to be free.
- Can you hear me ?
Can you hear me ?
Through the dark night far away ?
I am dying, forever crying,
To be with you, who can say.
- We are sailing,
We are sailing,
Home again, cross the sea,
We are sailing salty waters,
To be near you, to be free.
- All along, to be near you, to be free.



ENGLISH SONGS

I WILL NEVER DRINK AGAIN

I wonder how the sun gets up
Dooda, dooda
I will never drink again
Hey dooda dey
Hey dooda dey
Hey dooda dey
I will never drink again
Hey dooda dey

But this isn't really true
Dooda, dooda
Tonight will be the same again
Hey dooda dey
Hey dooda dey
Hey dooda dey
Tonight will be the same again
Hey dooda dey



ITALIAN SONGS

OSTERIA

A very rough and hard collection of songs, all based on the same, very simple tune, very easy to sing, full of bad words, with a strong and straight sexual topic, composed of a solo voice and a choir that answers in the same way.

Osteria is the typical place of Roma where poor people could eat food and drink wine at a very cheap price, singing and getting drunk.

At every OSTERIA of this song there's a number associated and there are hundreds of different OSTERIAS to sing about.

[Solo] Osteria numero sette
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Solo] Il salame Piace a Fette
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Solo] Ma alle donne caso strano il
salame piace sano
[choir] Dammela a me biondina
dammela a me bionda'

[Solo] Osteria numero otto
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Solo] la leprima fa il risotto
[Choir] Paraponzi Ponzi Po
[Solo] fa il risotto ben condito
con la sborra del marito
[Choir] Dammela a me biondina
dammela a me bionda'



ISRAELIAN SONG

HAVA NAGIELA

Let's be happy: Israeli pairing dance

Hava nagiela

Hava nagiela

Hava nagiela

Venismega

Hava naranena

Hava naranena

Hava hava naranena

(BIS)

(BIS)

Oeroe oeroe achiem

Oeroe achiem belev saméag

Oeroe achiem belev saméag

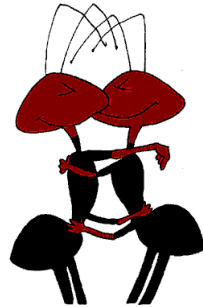
Oeroe achiem belev saméag

Oeroe achiem belev saméag

Oeroe achiem

Oeroe achiem

Belev samfé-é-é-éag



ENGLISH SONGS

I WILL SURVIVE

First I was afraid

I was petrified

Kept thinking I could never live

without you by my side

But I spent so many nights

thinking how you did me wrong

I grew strong

I learned how to carry on

and so you're back

from outer space

I just walked in to find you here

with that sad look upon your face

I should have changed my stupid lock

I should have made you leave your key

If I had known for just one second

you'd be back to bother me

Go on now go walk out the door

just turn around now

'cause you're not welcome anymore

weren't you the one who tried to hurt me with goodbye

you think I'd crumble

you think I'd lay down and die

Oh no, not I

I will survive

as long as i know how to love

I know I will stay alive

I've got all my life to live

I've got all my love to give

and I'll survive

I will survive

ENGLISH SONGS

It took all the strength I had
not to fall apart
kept trying hard to mend
the pieces of my broken heart
and I spent oh so many nights
just feeling sorry for myself
I used to cry
Now I hold my head up high
and you see me
somebody new
I'm not that chained up little person
still in love with you
and so you felt like dropping in
and just expect me to be free
now I'm saving all my loving
for someone who's loving me

IF YOU'RE HAPPY AND YOU KNOW IT



If you're happy and you know it,
Clap your hands
(Clap hands twice)

If you're happy and you know it,
Clap your hands
(Clap hands twice)

If you're happy and you know it,
Then your face will surely show it
If you're happy and you know it,
Clap your hands.
(Clap hands twice)



HUNGARIAN SONGS

MAMA MÉG NEM ITTUNK SEMMIT

Mama még nem ittunk semmit
Nem mehet ez így tovább
Inni kell, ha meghalunk is
Inni kell, az angyalat

Var reank sok régi kocsmá
Var reank sok jobarat
Inni kell, ha meghalunk is
Inni kell, az angyalat



SZÁZ FORINT

Száz forintnak ötven a fele
Egye meg a fészkes fekete fene.
Nem lehet az ember fából
Ki kell rugni a házából.

Még azt mondják részeges vagyok,
Pedig csak a jó bort szeretem nagyon.
Nem lehet az ember fából
Ki kell tugni a kocsmából.

A ketskének nagy szakállá van,
Az én anyósomnak nagy pofája van,
Rusnya állat mind a kettő
Verje meg a jeges eső.



GREEK SONGS

O PSARAS



Vieni varcula, vieni varcúla tup sará ato
poperyáli,
varcula varcula ato poperyali varcula tup
sará.

Csaplönio naf tis, csaplönio naftis meiorá ta
dijtía tu que pali,
varcula varcula ta dijtía tu que pali varcula
tup sará.

Trava to to dijtsu, trava to dijtsu ps sarátrà va ya nami spasi,
varcula varcula trava ya nami spasi varcula tup sará:

Zaró pos tuti, zaro pos tuti ti forá ji lládes ejis piási
varcula varcula jilládes ejis piási varcula tup sará.



ENGLISH SONGS

If you're happy and you know it,
Stomp your feet
(Stomp feet twice)

If you're happy and you know it,
Stomp your feet
(Stomp feet twice)

If you're happy and you know it,
Then your face will surely show it
If you're happy and you know it,
Stomp your feet.
(Stomp feet twice)

JOHN BROWN

Old John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
While weep the sons of bondage whom he ventured all to save;
But though he lost his life in struggling for the slave,
His truth is marching on.

Chorus:

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on!

John Brown was a hero, undaunted, true and brave;
Kansas knew his valor when he fought her rights to save;
And now though the grass grows green above his grave,
His truth is marching on.

Chorus



ENGLISH SONGS

He captured Harper's Ferry with his nineteen men so few,
And he frightened "Old Virginny" till she trembled through and through,
They hung him for a traitor, themselves a traitor crew,
But his truth is marching on.

Chorus

John Brown was John the Baptist for the Christ we are to see,
Christ who of the bondsman shall the Liberator be;
And soon throughout the sunny South the slaves shall all be free.
For his truth is marching on.

Chorus

The conflict that he heralded, he looks from heaven to view,
On the army of the Union with its flag, red, white, and blue,
And heaven shall ring with anthems o'er the deeds they mean to do,
For his truth is marching on.

Chorus

Oh, soldiers of freedom, then strike while strike you may
The deathblow of oppression in a better time and way;
For the dawn of old John Brown was brightened into day,
And his truth is marching on.

Chorus



GREEK SONGS

TO PITSIRIKI

Ena pitsiriki ine xaplomeno
Mes sta xortarakia paraponemeno
Theli na fougari ena tsigarak
Ma den exi frago ine mpatiraki
Theli na fougari ena tsigarak
Ma den exi frago ine mpatiraki

Tou'rthe mia idea kapou na ti stisi
Opios ki an perasi tsigaro na zitisi
Tou'rthe mia idea kapou na ti stisi
Opios ki an perasi tsigaro na zitisi

Gia kaki tou tuxi ligo parapano
Sti gonia tou dromou trakarei policemano
Gia kaki tou tuxi ligo parapano
Sti gonia tou dromou trakarei policemano

Kani to koroido zoula ton kitai
Ke me tropo exipno ton eheretaei
Kami to koroido zoula ton kitai
Ke me tropo exipno ton eheretaei

Dixos na ta xasi to pitsirikaki
Ap'ton policemano zitaei tsigarak
Dixos na ta xasi to pitsirikaki
Ap'ton policemano zitaei tsigarak



GERMAN SONGS

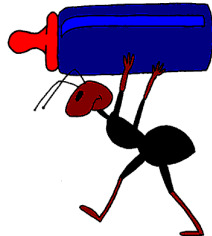
Chorus :

Trink, trink, Brüderlein, trink !
Lass doch die Sorgen zu Haus !
Trink, trink, Brüderlein, trink !
Zieh doch die Stirn nicht zu graus.
Meide den Kummer und meide den Schmerz,
Dann ist das Leben ein Scherz.

(BIS)

Das Lieben, das Trinken, das Singen
Schafft Freude und fröhlichen Mut,
Den Frauen, den musst du eins bringen,
Sie sind doch so lieb und so gut,
Verlieb dich so lange du jung bist,
Die Hauptsach', du bist noch nicht blau,
Denn wenn man beim schönsten Trunk ist,
Bekommt man sehr leicht eine Frau.

Der Moses, der hat, gar nicht übel,
Ein elftes Gebot noch erdacht,
Das steht nicht in der Bibel
Und hat so viel Freude gemacht,
Man hatte es uns unterschlagen,
Weil Trinken und Saufen es preist;
Ich aber, ich darf es euch sagen,
Ja wisst ihr denn auch wie es heisst?



ENGLISH SONGS

KILLING ME SOFTLY

Strumming my pain with his fingers (one time),
Singing my life with his words (two times),
Killing me softly with his song,
Killing me softly with his song,
Telling my whole life with his words,
Killing me softly, with his song



I heard he sang a good song, I
heard he had a style
And so I came to see him, and
listen for a while.
And there he was, this young
boy, a stranger to my eyes.

I felt all flushed with fever, em-
barrassed by the crowd
I felt he found my letters, and
read each one out loud

I prayed that he would finish, but he just kept right on.

He sang as if he knew me in all my dark despair
and then he looked right trough me as if I wasn't there.
But he just came to singing, singing clear and strong.



ENGLISH SONGS

KINGSTONTOWN

H. Bellafonte

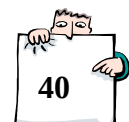
Down the way where the nights are gay
And the sun shines daily on the mountaintop
I took a trip on a sailingship
And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop.

Chorus :

But I'm sad to say I'm on my way
Won't be back for many a day
My heart is down my head is turning
around
I have to leave a little girl in Kingstontown.

Sounds of laughter everywhere
And the dancing girls swing to and fro
I must declare that my heart is there
Though I've been from Maine to Mexico.

Down at the market you can hear
Ladies cry out while on their heads they bear
Baskets rice, all fish are nice
And the rum is fine any time I hear.



GERMAN SONGS

Wie du weinst, wie du weinst dass i wandere muss,
Wandere muss
Wie wenn d'Lieb jetzt wär vorbei;
Sind au drauss, sind au drauss der Mädele viel,
Mädele viel,
Lieber Schatz, i bleib dir treu !
Denk du net, wenn i ein Andre sieh
So sei mein Lieb vorbei :
Sind au drauss, sind au drauss der Mädele viel,
Mädele viel,
Lieber Schatz, i bleib dir treu !



Über's Jahr, über's Jahr, wenn mer
Träubele schneidt, Träubele schneidt,
Stell i hier mi wiederum ein;
Bin i dann, bin i dann, dein Schätzele noch,
Schätzele noch,
So soll die Hochzeit sein.
Über's Jahr, da ist mein Zeit vorbei,
Da g'hör i mein und dein.
Bin i dann, bin i dann, dein Schätzele noch,
Schätzele noch,

TRINK, TRINK, BRÜDERLEIN, TRINK

Das Trinken das soll man nicht lassen,
Das Trinken regiert doch die Welt,
Man soll auch den Menschen nicht hassen,
Der stets eine Lage bestellt,
Ob Bier oder Wein, ob Champagner,
Nur lasst uns beim Trinken nicht prahlen;
Es trank den Champagner schon mancher,
Und konnt ihn nachher nicht bezahlen.

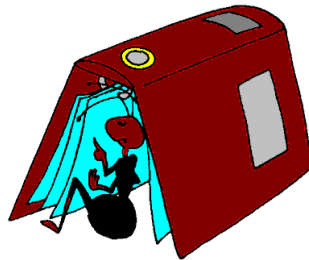


GERMAN SONGS

Chorus :

In München steht ein Hofbräuhaus
eins, zwei, suffa;
Da läuft so manches Fässchen aus
eins, zwei, suffa;
Da hat so mancher brave Mann
eins, zwei, suffa;
Gezeigt was er schon vertragen kann.
Schon früh am Morgen fing er an,
Und spät am Abend kam er nach Haus
So schön ist's im Hofbräuhaus.

Da trinkt man Bier nicht aus dem Glas
Da gibt's nur die grosse Mass
Und wenn die erste Mass ist leer
Dann bringt dir die Resl bald mehr,
Dann kriegt zu Haus die Frau'n Schreck,
Bleibt der Mann noch lange weg
Aber die braven Nachbarleut,



MUSS I DENN

Muss i denn, muss i denn zum Städtele naus,
Städtele naus
Und du mein Schatz bleibst hier ?
Wenn i komm, wenn i komm, wenn i wiederum komm,
Wiederum komm,
Kehr i ein, mein Schatz, bei dir !
Kann i gleichnet allweil bei dir sein.
Han i doch mein Freud an dir !
Wenn i komm, wenn i komm, wenn i wiederum komm,
Wiederum komm,
Kehr i ein, mein Schatz, bei dir !



ENGLISH SONGS

KNOCKING ON HEAVEN'S DOOR

Mama take this badge from me
I can't use it anymore
It's getting dark too dark to see
Feels like I'm knockin' on heaven's door

Knock-knock-knockin' on heaven's door
Knock-knock-knockin' on heaven's door
Knock-knock-knockin' on heaven's door
Knock-knock-knockin' on heaven's door

Mama put my guns in the ground
I can't shoot them anymore
That cold black cloud is comin' down
Feels like I'm knockin' on heaven's door

Knock-knock-knockin' on heaven's door
Knock-knock-knockin' on heaven's door
Knock-knock-knockin' on heaven's door
Knock-knock-knockin' on heaven's door

"YOU JUST BETTER START SNIFFIN' YOUR OWN
RANK SUBJUGATION JACK 'CAUSE IT'S JUST
YOU AGAINST YOUR TATTERED LIBIDO, THE BANK
AND THE MORTICIAN, FOREVER MAN AND IT
WOULDN'T BE LUCK IF YOU COULD GET OUT OF
LIFE ALIVE"*

Knock-knock-knockin' on heaven's door



ENGLISH SONGS

LET IT BE

When I find myself in times of trouble
Mother Mary comes to me
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be.
And in my hour of darkness
She is standing right in front of me
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be.
Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be.
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be



And when the broken hearted people
Living in the world agree
There will be an answer, let it be.
For tho' they may be parted
There is still a chance that they will see
There will be an answer, let it be.
Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be,
There will be an answer, let it be.
Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be,
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be.

And when the night is cloudy
There is still a light that shines on me
Shine until tomorrow, let it be.
I wake up to the sounds of music
Mother Mary comes to me
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be.
Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be,
There will be an answer, let it be.
Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be,
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be.



GERMAN SONGS

Und wieder blüht wie damals
Am Neckarstrand der Wein;
Die Jahre sind vergangen
Und ich bin ganz allein.
Und fragt ihr mir Gesellen
Warum er keine nahm,
Ja dann sag' ich euch (BIS)
Ihr Freunde wie es kam

Was ist aus dir geworden
Seitdem ich dich verliess,
Alt-Heidelberg, du feine,
Du Deutsches Paradies ?
Ich bin von dir gezogen,
Liess Leichtsinn, Wein und Glück.
Und ich sehne mich (BIS)
Mein Leben lang zurück

IN MÜNCHEN STEHT EIN HOFBRAUHAUS

Da wo die grüne Isar flusst
Wo man mit "Grüss Gott" dich grüsst;
Liegt meine schöne Münchnerstadt
Die ihres gleichen nicht hat.
Wasser ist billig, frisch und gut,
Nur verdünnt es unsres Blut !
Schöner sind Tropfen goldnen Blut !
Aber am schönsten ist eins !



GERMAN SONGS

Chorus :

Hollahi hollaho
Hollahia hia hia, hollahia hia ho
Hollahi hollaho
Hollahia hia hia, hollaho !

Einen schrecklich langen Bartsack
Den hat unser Kapitän
Raucht davor auch starken Tabak
Das man gar nichts mehr kann seh'n.



ICH HAB' MEIN HERZ IN HEIDELBERG VERLOREN

B. und E. Neubach, F. Raymond

Es war an einem Abend
Da ich kaum zwanzig Jahr'
Da küsst ich rote Lippen
Und gold'nes, blondes Haar,
Die Nacht war lau und selig,
Der Neckar silberklar.
Ja, da wusste ich, (BIS)
Woran, woran ich war

Chorus :

Ich hab mein Herz in Heidelberg verloren
In einer lauen Sommernacht;
Ich war verliebt bis über beide Ohren
Und wie ein Röslein hat ihr Mund gelacht,
Und als wir Abschied nahmen vor den Toren,
Beim letzten Kuss da hab'ich's klar erkannt
Dass ich mein Herz in Heidelberg verloren,
Mein Herz das schlägt am Neckarstrand.



ENGLISH SONGS

LIGHT MY FIRE

You know that it would be untrue
You know that I would be a liar,
If I was to say to you,
Girl we couldn't get much higher.

Come on, baby, light my fire,
Come on, baby, light my fire,
Try to set the night on fire.

The time to hesitate is through,
No time to wallow in the mire,
Try now we can only lose,
And our love become a funeral pyre.

Come on, baby, light my fire,
Come on, baby, light my fire,
Try to set the night on fire.

The time to hesitate is through,
No time to wallow in the mire,
Try now we can only lose,
And our love become a funeral pyre.

Come on, baby, light my fire,
Come on, baby, light my fire,
Try to set the night on fire,
Try to set the night on fire,
Try to set the night on fire,
Try to set the night on fire.



ENGLISH SONGS

LOCH LOMON'

From Scotland, Lady John Scott

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomon',
Where me and my true love will ever want to be
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomon'.

Chorus :

Oh you'll take the high road,
And I'll take the low road.
And I'll be in Scotland before you,
But me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomon'.

I mind where we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomon'
Where in deep purple hue, the Highland hills we view.
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping ;
But the broken heart will ken no second spring again,
And the world doesn't know how we're greeting.



GERMAN SONGS

Der Förster und die Tochter; Die schossen beide gut; Der Förster schoss ein Hirschelein Die Tochter traf ein Bürschelein Tief in das junge Herz hinein.	(BIS)
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Steh'ich auf Bergeshöhen; Schau'in die Täler hin Dann sehe ich so gerne Aus weiter, weiter Ferne Das Haus der jungen Försterin.	(BIS)
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EIN PROSIT

Ein Prosit, ein Prosit,
Der Gemütlichkeit !
Ein Prosit, ein Prosit,
Der Gemütlichkeit !
Eins, Zwei, Saufen !

EINE SEEFAHRT

German student song

Eine Seefahrt die ist lustig
Eine Seefahrt die ist schön,
Ja, da kann man was erleben
Ja, da kann man etwas sehen.



GERMAN SONGS

Und sperrt man mich ein im finsternen Kerker,
Das alles sind rein vergebliche Werke !
Denn meine Gedanken
Zerreissen die Schranken
Und Mauern entzwei :
Die Gedanken sind frei

Drum will ich auf immer den Sorgen entsagen,
Und will mich auch nimmer mit Grillen mehr plagen.
Man kann ja im Herzen,
Stets lachen und scherzen
Und denken dabei :
Die Gedanken sind frei !

DIE LORE

Im Wald; im grünen Walde
Da steht ein Försterhaus
Da schauet jeden Morgen
So frisch und frei von Sorgen,
Des Försters Töchterlein hinaus (BIS)

Chorus:
Tiralala; tiralala;
Tira; tira; tiralala; lala (BIS)
Lore, Lore, Lore, Lore,
Schön sind die Mädchen
Von siebzehn, achtzehn Jahr,
Lore, Lore, Lore, Lore,
Schöne Mädels gibt es überall
Und kommt der Frühling in das Tal;
Grüsst mir die Lore noch einmal.
Ade; ade; ade. (BIS)
Ade; ade; ade.



ENGLISH SONGS

LOLA

I met her in a club down in North Soho
where you drink champagne and it tastes just like
Coca Cola! C-O-L-A Cola.

She walked up to me and she asked me to dance.
I asked her her name and in a dark brown voice she said,
"Lola"! L-O-L-A Lola, lo lo lo Lola

Well, I'm not the world's most physical guy,
but when she squeezed me tight she nearly broke my spine
Oh my Lola, lo lo lo Lola, lo lo lo Lola



Well, I'm not dumb but I can't understand
why she walks like a woman and talks li-
ke a man
Oh my Lola, lo lo lo Lola, lo lo lo Lola

Well, we drank champagne and danced
all night,
under electric candlelight,
she picked me up and sat me on her knee,
She said, "Little boy won't you come home with me?"

Well, I'm not the world's most passionate guy,
but when I looked in her eyes,
I almost fell for my Lola,
Lo lo lo Lola, lo lo lo Lola



ENGLISH SONGS

I pushed her away. I walked to the door.
I fell to the floor. I got down on my knees.
I looked at her, and she at me.

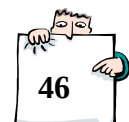


Well that's the way that I want it to stay.
I always want it to be that way for my Lola.
Lo lo lo Lola.

Girls will be boys, and boys will be girls.
It's a mixed up, muddled up, shook up world,
except for Lola. Lo lo lo Lola. Lo lo lo Lola.

Well I left how just a week before,
and I never ever kissed a woman before,
Lola smiled and took me by the hand,
she said, "Little boy, gonna make you a man."

Well I'm not the world's most masculine man,
but I know what I am and that I'm a man,
so is Lola.
Lo lo lo Lola. Lo lo lo Lola.



GERMAN SONGS

BIER HER

Bier her, Bier her, oder ich fall um, juchhe!
Bier her, Bier her, oder ich fall um!
Soll das Bier im Keller liegen
Und ich hier die Ohnmacht kriegen?
Bier her, Bier her, oder ich fall um!

Bier her, Bier her, oder ich fall um, juchhe!
Bier her, Bier her, oder ich fall um!
Wenn ich nicht gleich Bier bekumm,
Schmeiß ich die ganze Kneipe um! Drum:
Bier her, Bier her, oder ich fall um!

Wein her, Wein her, oder ich fall um, juchhe!
Wein her, Wein her, oder ich fall um!
Soll der Wein im Keller liegen
Und ich Rheumatismus kriegen?
Wein her, Wein her, oder ich fall um!

DIE GEDANKEN SIND FREI

Die Gedanken sind frei, wer kann sie erraten?
Sie fliehen vorbei, wie nächtliche Schatten.
Kein Mensch kann sie wissen,
Kein Jäger sie erschiessen
Mit pulver und blei:
Die Gedanken sind frei !

Ich denke, was ich will und was mich beglückt,
Doch alles in der Still' und wie es sich schicket.
Mein Wunsch und Begehren
Kann niemand verwehren,
Es bleibt dabei :
Die Gedanken sind frei !



FRENCH SONGS

SUR LE PONT D'AVIGNON

Chorus:

*Sur le Pont d'Avignon
l'on y danse, l'on y danse
Sur le Pont d'Avignon
l'on y danse tout en rond*

- 1 Les beaux messieurs font comme ça
et puis encore comme ça
- 2 Les bell's dames font comme ça,
Et puis encore comme ça
- 3 Les militair's font comme ça,
Et puis encore comme ça
- 4 Les musiciens font comme ça
Et puis encore comme ça



ENGLISH SONGS

LOSING MY RELIGION

Life is bigger
It's bigger than you
And you are not me
The lengths that I will go to
The distance in your eyes
Oh no I've said too much
I set it up

That's me in the corner
That's me in the spotlight
Losing my religion
Trying to keep up with you
And I don't know if I can do it
Oh no I've said too much
I haven't said enough
I thought that I heard you laughing
I thought that I heard you sing
I think I thought I saw you try

Every whisper
Of every waking hour I'm
Chosing my confessions
Trying to keep an eye on you
Like a hurt lost and blinded fool
Oh no I've said too much
I set it up

Consider this
The hint of the century
Consider this
The slip that brought me
To my knees failed
What if all these fantasies
Come flailing around
Now I've said too much
I thought that I heard you laughing
I thought that I heard you sing
I think I thought I saw you try

But that was just a dream
That was just a dream



ENGLISH SONGS

MORE THAN WORDS

Saying 'I love you'
Is not the words I want to hear from you
It's not that I want (from) you
Not to say but if you only knew
How easy it would be to show me how you feel
More than words is all you have to do to make it real
Then you wouldn't have to say that you love me
Cause I'd already know

What would you do If my heart was torn in two
More than words to show you feel
That your love for me is real
What would you say if I took those words away
Then you couldn't make things new
Just by saying 'I love you'

More than words

Now that I tried to talk to you and make you understand
All you have to do is close your eyes
And just reach out your hands and touch me
Hold me close don't ever let me go
More than words is all I ever needed you to show
Then you wouldn't have to say that you love me
Cause I'd already know

What would you do if my heart was torn in two
More than words to show you feel
That your love for me is real
What would you say if I took those words away
Then you couldn't make things new just by saying 'I love you'

More than words



FRENCH SONGS

LE TROUBADOUR

J'ai fait le tour du monde
Et partout j'ai baisé,
Les brunes et les blondes,
Le soir dans les fossés,
J' ai baisé les grenouilles,
Enculé les crapauds,
Qui me sussaient les couilles,
Le soir au bord de l'eau.

Chorus :
C'est le trou-ba-ba-a-a
C'est le trou-ba-dou-ou-our
Qui baisait la nuit
Et qui baisait le jour.
C'est le trou-ba-ba-a-a
C'est le trou-ba-dou-ou-our
Qui baisait la nuit, le jour
Le troubadour.

C'est la reine d'Angleterre,
Qui traversa les mers,
Pour voir si les Anglais,
Baisaient mieux que les Français.
Et sacré nom de noms
Des 36 positions,
C'est encore là le mieux
Pour gagner le ping-pong.

C'est la reine d' Espagne
Qui dit à son mari :
'J'aime bien le champagne,
Mais j'aime aussi le lit.
Ce soir au clair de lune,
Mon ami Alphonso,
Je te taillerai une plume,
Pour mettre à ton chapeau'.



FRENCH SONGS

LA SALOPE

Il était une fille
Qui s'appelait Suzon
Et qui aimait à rire
Avec tous les garçons !

Chorus :

Ah, la salope
Va laver ton cul malpropre,
Car il n'est pas propr' tirelire
Car il n'est pas propr' tirela

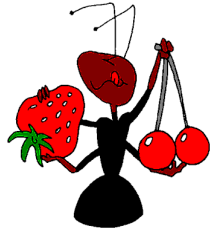
Et qui aimait à rire
Avec tous les garçons
Mais à force de rire
Son ventre devint rond.



Mais à force de rire
Son ventre devint rond,
Sa mère lui demande :
'Qui t'a fait ça Suzon ?'

Sa mère lui demande :
'Qui t'a fait ça Suzon ?'
C'est le fils du gard'champêtre
Avec son gros bâton.

C'est le fils du gard'champêtre
Avec son gros bâton,
Y avait du sucre au bout
Mon Dieu, que c'était bon !



(BIS)

ENGLISH SONGS

MY BONNIE

American student song

My Bonnie is over the ocean,
My Bonnie is over the sea,
My Bonnie is over the ocean,
O bring back my Bonnie to me.

Chorus :

Bring back, (BIS)

Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me.

Bring back, (BIS)

O bring back my Bonnie to me.



O blow ye winds over the ocean,
O blow ye winds over the sea,
O blow ye winds over the ocean,
And bring back my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.

The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea,
The winds have blown over the ocean,
And brought back my Bonnie to me.

ENGLISH SONGS

NIGHTS IN WHITE SATIN

Nights in white satin,
never reaching the end.
Letters I've written
never meaning to send.
Beauty I'd always missed
with these eyes before.
Just what the truth is
I can't say anymore
'Cause I love you,
yes I love you,
oh, how I love you.

Gazing at people,
some hand in hand
just what I'm going though
they can't understand.
Some try to tell me
thoughts they cannot defend
just what you want to be,
you'll be in the end.
And I love you,
Yes I love you,
oh, how I love you.



FRENCH SONGS

LA BRABANCONNE D'UNE PUTAIN

'La Brabançonne', F. Van Campenhout

Je me souviens, lorsque j'étais jeune fille,
D'un jeun' garçon qui passait par bonheur,
Il me trouva si jeune et si gentille,
Qu'il me fit voir sa grosse pine en chaleur,
Et tout à coup sous mes jupons s'élance,
L'énorme queue qu'il tenait à la main,
Il déchira mon voile d'innocence,
Voilà pourquoi je me suis fait putain ! (TER)

Je ne sais pas si j'étais déjà coquine,
J'aimais déjà qu'on me chatouillât le bouton,
J'avais goûté de ce bon jus de pine,
J'avais reçu du foutre dans le con,
J'avais baisé, je n'étais plus pucelle,
Je chérissais le métier de putain,
Plus je baisais, plus je devenais belle,
Voilà pourquoi je me suis fait putain ! (TER)

Quoique je ne sois qu'une fille publique,
J'ai de l'amour et de l'humanité,
Tout citoyen de notre libre Belgique,
Doit baiser et jouir en liberté,
Pour de l'argent, le riche a ma fente,
Le pauvre, lui, peut en jouir pour rien,
Pour soulager l'humanité souffrante,
Voilà pourquoi je me suis fait putain ! (TER)



FRENCH SONGS

JEANNETON

Jeanneton prend sa faucille,
Lahirette, lahirette,
Jeanneton prend sa faucille,
Pour aller couper des joncs. (BIS)

Following strophes are sung in the same way.

En chemin, elle rencontre,
Quatre jeun's et beaux garçons,

Le premier, un peu timide,
Lui caressa le menton,



Le second un peu moins sage,
La coucha sur le gazon,

Le troisième un intrépide,
Lui souleva le jupon,

Ce que fit le quatrième,
N'est pas dit dans la chanson,

Si vous le saviez, mesdames,
Vous iriez couper des joncs,

La moral' de cet'histoire,
C'est que les hommes sont des cochons !

La moral' de cette morale,
C'est que les femmes aiment les cochons !

La morale de ces morales,
C'est qu'ils font des p'tits cochons !



ENGLISH SONGS

O WHEN THE SAINTS

O when the saints go marching in,
O when the saints go marching in,
I want to be in that number
O when the saints go marching in.

Well I had a loving father,
He is gone to heaven I know
But I promised that I would meet him
When the saints go marching in.

OH ! SUSANNA

(S. Foster)

I come from Alabama
With my banjo on my knee,
I'm going to Louisiana,
My true love for to see,
It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death,
Susanna, don't you cry

Chorus :

Oh ! Susanna,
Oh ! Don't you cry for me;
For I come from Alabama
With my banjo on my knee

(BIS)

I had a dream the other night,
When everything was still,
I thought I saw Susanna there,
Acoming down the hill,



ENGLISH SONGS

The buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
The tear was in her eye
Says I, I 'm coming from the South.
Susanna don't you cry.



I soon will be in New Orleans
And then I 'll look all 'round
And when I find Susanna,
I 'll fall upon the ground
But if I do not find her,
This darkie 'll surely die
And when I 'm dead and buried
Susanna, don't you cry

OLD MAC DONALD

Old Mac Donald had a farm
E-i-e-i-o.
And on that farm he had some chickens,
E-i-e-i-o.
With a chick-chick here,
And a chick-chick there,
Here a chick, there a chick,
Everywhere a chick-chick
Old Mac Donald had a farm
E-i-e-i-o.

... some ducks-quack-quack
... some cows-boo-boo
... some pigs-oink-oink
... some cats-miauw-miauw
... some dogs-wouf-wouf
...some car-broum-broum.



FRENCH SONGS

Chorus

Si je meurs je veux qu'on m'enterre
Dans une cave où y a du bon vin (bis)
Dans une cave, oui oui oui!
Dans une cave, non non non!
Dans une cave où y a du bon vin (bis)

Chorus

Les deux pieds contre la muraille
Et la tête sous le robinet (bis)
Et la tête, oui oui oui!
Et la tête, non non non!
Et la tête sous le robinet (bis)

Chorus

Sur ma tombe, je veux qu'on inscrive
Ici gît le roi des buveurs (bis)
Ici gît, oui oui oui!
Ici gît, non non non!
Ici gît le roi des buveurs (bis)

Chorus

La morale de cette histoire
C'est qu'il faut boire avant dmourir (bis)
C'est qu'il faut, oui oui oui
C'est qu'il faut, non non non
C'est qu'il faut boire avant dmourir (bis)



FRENCH SONGS

Chorus :

Ik wil deze nacht in de straten verdwalen,
De klank van de stad maakt mijn ziel amoureux
Al heb ik geen geld om plezier te betalen,
Ik vind wel een vrouwke heel net en genereus.

The following times 'heel net en genereus' in the chorus are replaced by 'naar mijne keus'.

Onder de glans van de manestrallen,
Wordt heel onze wereld een huwelijksbed,
Ga mee naar de kroegen vol wijven en matrozen
Vergeet uwe naam en al de rest.

Laat ons dan samen de wereld verteren,
Met klinkende glazen vol Franse wijn,
Zingt mee met de mensen, dat hebben ze geren,
En laat deze nacht nooit een einde zijn.

CHEVALIERS DE LA TABLE RONDE

Chevaliers de la table ronde
Allons voir si le vin est bon (bis)

Chorus:

Allons voir, oui oui oui!
Allons voir, non non non!
Allons voir si le vin est bon (bis)

J'en boirai cinq à six bouteilles
Une femme sur mes genoux (bis)
Une femme, oui oui oui!
Une femme, non non non!
Une femme sur mes genoux (bis)



ENGLISH SONGS

PICK A BALE OF COTTON

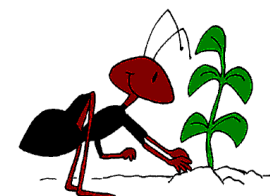
H. Bellafonte

You've got to jump down; turn around;
Pick a bale of cotton
Jump down; turn around;
Pick a bale a day

Chorus :

Oh lordi, pick a bale of cotton
Oh lordi, pick a bale a day

Well me and my mamma gonna
Pick a bale of cotton
Well me and my mamma gonna
Pick a bale a day



The following strophes are sung in the same way.

Well me and my daddy gonna ...

Well me and my brother gonna ...

Well me and my sister gonna ...

Well get on your knees and pick a ...

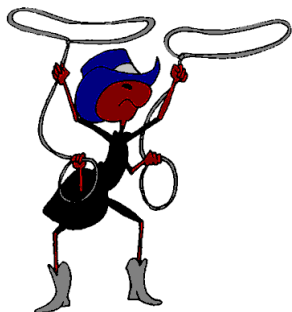


ENGLISH SONGS

RED RIVER VALLEY

Cowboy song

From this valley they say you are going ;
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile ;
For they say, you are taking the sunshine,
That brightens our pathway the while.



Chorus :
Come and sit by my side if you love
me ;
Do not hasten to bid me adieu ;
But remember the Red River Valley
And the one that has loved you so
true.

Won't you think of the valley you're
leaving ;
Oh, how lonely, how sad it will be ;
Oh, think of the fond heart you're breaking
And the grief you are coming me to see.

As you go to your home by the ocean ;
May you never forget those sweet hours ;
That we spent in the Red River Valley
And the love we exchanged mid the flowers.



FRENCH SONGS

J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans l'avoir mérité,
Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai.

Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai;
Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier.

Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier,
Et moi et ma maîtresse
Dans les mêm's amitiés.

BRUXELLES

Student song-festival, 1984; PK
Wannes Van De Velde : "Ik wil deze nacht..."

Chorus :
Je veux me promener dans les rues de Bruxelles,
Les bruits de cette ville me rendent amoureux,
Venez voir comm' toutes les putes sont belles,
Vous y trouverez un accueil chaleureux.

Sous la lumière des grands reverbères
On voit un couple s'aimer tendrement
Dans une autre ruelle, une scène cruelle,
Deux sales mecs au poing qui se rentrent dedans.

Les étudiants sont en train de guindailler
Dans les bistrotts et dans les cafés,
Et, dehors dans le froid, un clochard solitaire
Cherche une place, pour dormir par terre.



FRENCH SONGS

À LA CLAIRE FONTAINE

À la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné.

Chorus:

Lui y a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné;
Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sécher.

Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sécher.
Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.

Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.
Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le coeur gai.

Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le coeur gai.
Tu as le coeur à rire,
Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer.

Tu as le coeur à rire,
Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer;
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans l'avoir mérité.



ENGLISH SONGS

SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

Cowboy song

She'll be comin' round the mountain,
When she comes,
She'll be comin' round the mountain,
When she comes,
She'll be steamin' and a puffin'
Oh boy, she won't stop for nothin'
She'll be comin' round the mountain,
When she comes.

She'll be drivin' six white horses,
When she comes,
She'll be drivin' six white horses,
When she comes,
She'll be drivin' six white horses,
She'll be drivin' six white horses,
She'll be drivin' six white horses,
When she comes.

Oh, we'll all go out to meet her,
When she comes,
Oh, we'll all go out to meet her,
When she comes,
We will kill the old red rooster,
We will kill the old red rooster,
And we'll have chicken dumplings,
When she comes.

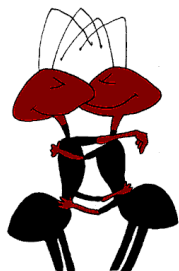


ENGLISH SONGS

STAND BY ME

(John Lennon)

When the night, has come
and the land is dark
and the moon is the only light we'll see
no I won't be afraid
hoh I won't be afraid
just as long, as you stand, stand by me
and darling, darling stand, by me,
hoh stand, by me,
hoh stand now, stand by me,
stand by me...
if the sky that we look upon
should tumble and fall ,
or the montains should crumble to the sea
I won't cry, I won't cry, oh I won't shed a
tear
just as long, as you stand, stand by me
and darling, darling stand, by me,
hoh stand, by me, hoh stand now,
stand by me, stand by me...



ESTONIAN SONGS

KORD MOTETES ISTUS

Kord motetes istus üks emake nii: (bis)
"Ei tea, kus rädab mu pojuke prii! (bis)
Ta kodust läks välja nii haledalt mult. (bis)
Ei tea, kas iial saan sõnumeid sult.
Ta kaugel on ära,ei tagasi veel! (bis)
Et kaitsku sind Jumal seal vooramaa teel"



MEIE ELU

Kui mina alles noor veel olin, noor veel olin,
lapsepõlves mängisin mängisin.
Ei mina teadnud muud kui seda, muud kui seda,
mis mina nägin silmaga, silmaga.
Ei meie tea, kas me saame, kas me saame,
siin veel kokku tulema, tulema.
Näitab ennast roomul siiski,
süda täis on kurvastutst, kurvastust!
Meie elu on süünilmas, on süünilmas,
nagu linnul oksa peal, oksa peal.
Rõõm teeb laste lauluhääle, lauluhääle,
kaunimaks hui kandlekeel, kandlekeel!



ENGLISH SONGS

YESTERDAY

(the Beatles)

Yesterday
All my troubles seemed so far away
Now it looks as though they're here to stay
oh I believe in yesterday



Suddenly
I'm not half the man I used to be
There's a shadow hanging over me,
Oh yesterday came suddenly

Why she had to go
I don't know, she wouldn't say
I said something wrong
Now I long for yesterday

Yesterday
Love was such a easy game to play
Now I need a place to hide away,
Oh I believe in yesterday



ENGLISH SONGS

SUMMER OF '69

I got my first real six-string
Bought it at the five-and-dime
Played it til my fingers bled
It was the summer of '69

Me and some guys from school
Had a band and we tried real hard
Jimmy quit and Jody got married
I shoulda known we'd never get far

Oh when I look back now
That summer seemed to last forever
And if I had the choice
Ya - I'd always wanna be there
Those were the best days of my life

Ain't no use in complainin'
When you got a job to do
Spent my evenin's down at the drive-in
And that's when I met you

Standin' on your Mama's porch
You told me that you'd wait forever
Oh and when you held my hand
I knew that it was now or never
Those were the best days of my life
Back in the summer of '69

Man we were killin' time
We were young and restless
We needed to unwind
I guess nothin' can last forever - forever, no



ENGLISH SONGS

And now the times are changin'
Look at everything that's come and gone
Sometimes when I play that old six-string
I think about ya wonder what went wrong

Standin' on your Mama's porch
You told me it would last forever
Oh the way you held my hand
I knew that it was now or never
Those were the best days of my life
Back in the summer of '69

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY

I can't believe the news today,
I can't close my eyes and make it go away.
How long, how long must we sing this song?
How long? Tonight we can be as one.
Broken bottles under children's feet,
Bodies strewn across a dead end street,
But I won't heed the battle call,
It puts my back up, puts my back up against the wall.

Sunday, bloody Sunday.
Sunday, bloody Sunday.

And the battle's just begun,
There's many lost, but tell me who has won?
The trenches dug within our hearts,
And mothers, children, brothers, sisters torn apart.

How long, how long must we sing this song?
How long, Tonight we can be as one.
Tonight, tonight.



ENGLISH SONGS

YELLOW SUBMARINE

(Lennon/McCartney)

In the town where I was born lived a man who sailed to sea
And he told us of his life in the land of submarines
So we sailed up to the sun 'till we found the sea of green
And we lived beneath the waves in our yellow submarine

We all live in our yellow submarine, yellow submarine, yellow submarine

We all live in our yellow submarine, yellow submarine, yellow submarine

And our friends are all on board, many more of them live next door, and the band begins to play

We all live in our yellow submarine, yellow submarine, yellow submarine

We all live in our yellow submarine, yellow submarine, yellow submarine

As we live a life of ease, ev'ry one of us has all we need
Sky of blue and sea of green In our yellow submarine.

We all live in our yellow submarine, yellow submarine, yellow submarine

We all live in our yellow submarine, yellow submarine, yellow submarine

We all live in our yellow submarine, yellow submarine, yellow submarine

We all live in our yellow submarine, yellow submarine, yellow submarine



ENGLISH SONGS

YANKEE DOODLE

Old English lullaby

Yankee Doodle came to town,
Upon a little poney,
He stuck a feather on his cap
And called it Macaroni.

Chorus :

Yankee doodle doodle doo
Yankee doodle dandy
All the lassies are so smart
And sweet as sugar candy

Yankee doodle is a tune,
It sounds so mighty handy,
All the ennemies run away
At Yankee Doodle Dandy.



ENGLISH SONGS

Wipe the tears from your eyes,
Wipe your tears away,
Wipe your blood shot eyes.

And it's true we are immune.
When fact is fiction and T.V. is reality,
And today the millions cry,
We eat and drink while tomorrow they die.
The real battle just begun.
To claim the victory Jesus won,
On a Sunday bloody Sunday,
Sunday bloody Sunday.



SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

Swing low, sweet chariot coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot coming for to carry me home

I looked over Jordan and what did I see
coming for to carry me home
A band of angels is coming after me,
coming for to carry me home.

If you come to heaven before I do,
coming for to carry me home,
Tell all my friends I'll be coming there too
coming for to carry me home.

Well I'm sometimes up and I'm sometimes down
coming for to carry me home,
But I'd steal my soul if it ever were down
coming for to carry me home.



ENGLISH SONGS

THE HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun.
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy,
And God, I know I'm one.

My mother was a tailor,
She sewed my new blue jeans.
My father was a gambler man,
Way down in New Orleans.



Now the only thing a gambler
needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk.
And the only time he'll be satis-
fied
Is when he's all drunk.
Oh, mothers, tell your children,
not to do what I have done.
Spend your lives in sin and misery
in the house of the Rising Sun.

Well I've got one foot on the platform,
the other foot on the train.
I'm going back to New Orleans
to wear that ball and chain.

Well there is a house in New Orleans
they call the Rising Sun.
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy,
And God, I know I'm one.



ENGLISH SONGS

WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS

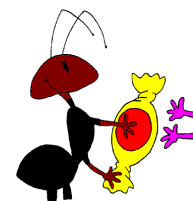
What would you think if I sang out of tune,
Would you stand up and walk out on me ?
Lend me your ears and I'll sing you a song
And I'll try not to sing out of key.

Chorus:
Oh, I get by with a little help from my friends
Mm, I get high with a little help from my friends
Mm, gonna try with a little help from my friends
Do you need anybody
I need somebody to love
Could it be anybody
I want somebody to love.

What do I do when my love is away
(Does it worry you to be alone ?)
How do I feel by the end of the day,
(Are you sad because you're on your own ?)

Chorus

Would you believe in a love at first sight
Yes, I'm certain that it happens all the time
What do you see when you turn out the light
I can't tell you but I know it's mine,



Chorus
Oh, I get by with a little help from my friends
with a little help from my friends.



ENGLISH SONGS

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

When Johnny comes marching home again
Hurrah ! Hurrah !
We'll give him a hearty welcome then
Hurrah ! Hurrah !
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes
marching home, home.

The old churchbells will peal with joy
Hurrah ! Hurrah !
To welcome home our darling boy
Hurrah ! Hurrah !
The village lads and lasses say,
With roses they will strew the way
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes
marching home, home.

Get ready for the jubilee
Hurrah ! Hurrah !
We'll give the hero three times three
Hurrah ! Hurrah !
The laurel wreath is ready now,
To place upon his royal brow
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes
marching home, home.



ENGLISH SONGS

THE LION SLEEPS TONIGHT

Lala kahle [Sleep well]

In the jungle, the mighty jungle
The lion sleeps tonight
In the jungle, the mighty jungle
The lion sleeps tonight

Chorus:
Imbube

Ingonyama ifile
Ingonyama ilele
Thula

[The lion's in peace]
[The lion sleeps]
[Hush]

Near the village, the peaceful village
The lion sleeps tonight
Near the village, the peaceful village
The lion sleeps tonight

Chorus

Ingonyama ilele [The lion sleeps]

Hush, my darling, don't fear, my darling
The lion sleeps tonight
Hush, my darling, don't fear, my darling
The lion sleeps tonight



ENGLISH SONGS

He, ha hehelemama [He, ha hehelemama]
Ohi'mbube [lion]

Chorus

Ixesha lifikile [Time has come]
Lala [Sleep]
Lala kahle [Sleep well]

Near the village, the peaceful village
The lion sleeps tonight
Near the village, the peaceful village
The lion sleeps tonight

Chorus

My little darling
Don't fear, my little darling
My little darling
Don't fear, my little darling

Ingonyama ilele [The lion sleeps]



ENGLISH SONGS

There came three loud knocks come a-knocking on the door,...

There were two policemen and a special branchman,...

They took the woman and they put her in jail,...

They put a rope around her neck,...

They pulled the rope and she got hung,...

Well that was the end of the woman in the wood.
WEILA, WEILA, WAILE,
Well that was the end of the baby too
DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE.



WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN SAILOR

from "Windlan And Capstan Shanty"

What shall we do with the drunken sailor (TER)

Chorus :

Early in the morning
Hooray and up she rises (TER)
Early in the morning

Put him in the long-boat until he's sober. (TER)

Pull out the plug and wet him all over. (TER)

Put him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him. (TER)

Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin'. (TER)

That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor. (TER)



ENGLISH SONGS

We shall all be free
We shall all be free
We shall all be free some day *Chorus*

We are not afraid
We are not afraid
We are not afraid some day *Chorus*

We are not alone
We are not alone
We are not alone some day *Chorus*

The whole wide world around
The whole wide world around
The whole wide world around some day *Chorus*

We shall overcome
We shall overcome
We shall overcome some day *Chorus*

WEILA WAILE

Scottish

And there was an old woman and she lived in the wood
WEILA, WEILA, WAILE,
And there was an old woman and she lived in the wood.
DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

The following strophes are sung in the same way.

She had a baby, three months old,...

She had a penknife, long and sharp,...

She stuck the penknife in the baby's head,...



ENGLISH SONGS

THE WILD ROVER

Irish folksong

I've been a wild rover for many's a year
I've spent all my money on whisky and beer.
But now I'm returning with gold in great store.
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

Chorus :

And it's no nay never, no nay never no more,
Will I play the wild rover, no never no more.

I went into an alehouse, I used to frequent.
I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me nay,
Such custom as yours I can have every day.

I then took from my pocket, ten sovereigns bright,
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She says I have whiskies and wines of the best,
And the words that you told me were only in jest.

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done,
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And when they've caressed me as oft times before,
Then I never will play the wild rover no more.



ENGLISH SONGS

TOM DOOLEY

This song is sung very quietly till the last strophe.

Throughout history there's been stories and many songs, written about the trouble triangle. This next one tells the story of a Mrs. Greeson, a beautiful woman and a condemned man, named Tom Dooley. When the sun rises tomorrow, Tom Dooley must hang...

Chorus :

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley,
Hang down your head and cry,
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley,
Poor boy, you're bound to die.

I met her on the mountain,
There I took her life,
I met her on the mountain,
And stabbed her with my knife.

By this time tomorrow,
Reckon where I'll be,
Hadn't it been for Greeson,
I had been in Tennessee.

By this time tomorrow,
Reckon where I'll be,
In some lonesome valley,
Hanging from a white oak tree.



ENGLISH SONGS

TONIGHT

"Fumiento Funicula"

Tonight; I feel the need of masturbation
And I feel fine; so really fine;
Tonight; I feel the need of masturbation
And I feel good; so really good.

(BIS)

Ease it, squeeze it, jump it to the floor,
Work it, jurk it, jump it to the door.
Some people say that in a bed
A woman's love is really great.
But for personal enjoyment
I prefer to use my hand.

(BIS)

WE SHALL OVERCOME

We shall overcome
We shall overcome
We shall overcome some day

Chorus:

Oh deep in my heart
I do believe
We shall overcome some day

We'll walk hand in hand
We'll walk hand in hand
We'll walk hand in hand some day

Chorus